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PRAIRIE POEMS

FROM

THE SUNFLOWER STATE

BY

LOTTIE BROWN ALLEN

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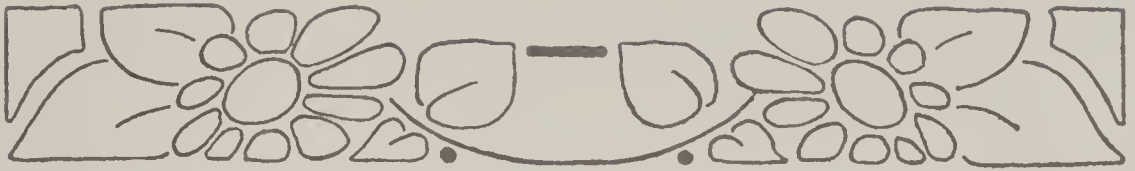
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TO
THE DEAR PIONEER MOTHER
WHO HAS EVER BEEN TO ME A SOURCE OF
ENCOURAGEMENT AND INSPIRATION
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED





SUNFLOWERS

Up from the wayside damp and cold
Cut of the early Kansas mold
Blossomed the sunflowers, green and gold,

Eastward turning at dawn's first light
Hourly drinking the sunbeams bright
Westward waving a fond goodnight.

Kissed by the sunshine and the dew
Under the Kansas skies of blue
Like unto sunflowers, the children grew.

Bright eyes greeting the sun's first ray
Small hands eager for work or play
Young hearts singing the livelong day.

Kansas sunflowers happy and free
Men and women that grew to be
Builders of Kansas destiny.



KANSAS DAY

O, Kansas Land! Fair Kansas Land!
We come thy birthday morn to greet,
To fling fresh laurels at thy feet.
O, central gem of our great land,
Loved spot of the united band;
We hail this day, our Kansas Land.

Thou art our pride, dear Kansas Land,
Sweet peace and liberty are ours.
O, land of luscious fruits and flowers,
Of peaceful homes on hill and plain,
Of lowing herds and waving grain,
Of cities fair, on every hand.

As now in joy and pride we stand,
May we, thy children not forget,
But treasure in fond memory yet,
The awful price that has been paid,
The bitter tears that have been shed
For thy broad acres, Kansas Land.

And unto Him whose guiding hand
With sorrow's tears did christen thee
And shape thy glorious destiny,
Let there from us today arise
Melodious anthems to the skies
From out thy borders, Kansas Land.



OCTOBER

O, golden days! O, quiet, peaceful days!

October's winsome voice we now can hear,
While all around, her magic wand she plays,
To consummate the crowning of the year.

Behold her 'mid a wealth of golden sheaves,
Most glorious month of all the year, she stands,
Upon her brow a wreath of crimson leaves,
While purple clusters fill her outstretched hands.

How could we know that when the flower-strewn
spring

And all the happy summer days were past,
October would this golden mantle fling
To warm our hearts e'er comes the winter's blast.

Then linger on, fair days of golden light,
And grant to leave in us an after glow,
That shall shine on throughout the winter night,
That shall not pale before the winter snow.



THE OLD, OLD STORY

Joyfully the hours were speeding,
And the children, all unheeding
 Flitted gaily to and fro,
At the farmhouse making merry,
Hanging sprays of holly berry
 And the magic mistletoe.

Dear old Grandma, meanwhile sitting
In the firelight with her knitting,
 Sometimes joining in their glee,
Spoke at last in gentle measure
And they came with smiles of pleasure
 To their places at her knee.

“Come, my dears, and ’round me gather
For without is wintry weather,
 But within is warmth and cheer.
Lay aside your pastimes yonder
And the Old, Old Story ponder,
 As the Christmastide draws near.

“Long ago, in bygone ages,
Oft we read from sacred pages,
 Shepherds watched their flocks by night,
When a beauteous angel found them,
And his glory shone around them,
 Till they trembled with affright.



“But he said, ‘O Shepherds, hear me!
Do not flee, but come ye near me,
 Goodly tidings do I bring.
List ye to the wondrous story,
Christ, the Lord of light and glory,
 Unto you is born, a King.

“ ‘Have ye, then, no thought of danger,
Ye shall find him in a manger
 Near the inn of Bethlehem.’
And e’re he had ceased the story,
Heavenly hosts were singing, ‘Glory,
 On earth peace, good will to men.’

“And you know, dears, how they sought Him,
And of gifts the wise men brought Him,
 As they journeyed from afar,
Seeking for that Babe of Glory,
Never doubting once, the story,
 Guided by a single star.

“And each year, all gloom dispelling,
Sweeter growing in the telling,
 This old story, ever new,
Points to Bethlehem’s star that brightly
Shines above to guide us rightly,
 Shines, my dears, for me and you.



“When the Christmas bells are ringing
Our hearts’ choicest treasures bringing,
Humbly may we offer then,
And with angels of the story
We may sing the songs of glory,
‘Peace on earth, good will to men.’ ”



SAN FRANCISCO

A mighty nation mourns today
A ruined city on the bay.
But yester-eve the sunset shone
Thro' Golden Gate on spire and dome
And seemed to linger and caress
The city in its loveliness.
Yet none could know and none could tell
It was the sunset's last farewell.
No warning breathed the shades of night
That crept around the city bright,
And silently each twinkling star
Shed its soft radiance from afar.
Perchance a Savior's eyes looked down
In grief upon the stricken town.
Perchance His arms stretched forth again
As they did o'er Jerusalem.
Oh, wonderful is mystery!
That veil thro' which we cannot see.
Thus came the awful earthquake shock
That caused those massive walls to rock,
To sway and totter and to fall,
While smoke and flame engulfed them all,
Too horrible for tongue to tell
Or pen to picture it as well.
For many perished in the fall
Nor answered back to loving call.
Swiftly the wires from state to state



Foretold the city's awful fate.
We who could read of foreign wars,
Destruction on Italian shores,
Now stand too dumb to cry or moan
That this should happen to our own;
For who is there from shore to shore
But hath some loved one there, or more?
Or hath he not, what heart so cold
That could at such a time withhold—
If there remaineth aught of good—
The love of common brotherhood?
And when our daily paths we trod
A Nation's prayers went up to God
That blessed Father of us all,
Who noteth every sparrow's fall.
"Be merciful, dear Lord," we plead,
"Sustain them in their time of need."
From out that fiery furnace there,
Where brave men toiled nor would despair,
Methinks a Shepherd called his flock
Away from flame and earthquake shock;
Away He led their wandering feet
Where flowers bloomed, 'mid grasses sweet;
And there He bade their tears be dried;
To pitch their tents and to abide.
Three hundred thousand souls were there
Dependent on His tender care.
Another story comes to me,
Another scene beside the sea.



The time is evening, calm and sweet;
A multitude at Jesus' feet;
Hungry and weary with the day,
He would not send them thus away.
Turning to his disciples near,
He spoke in tones so soft and clear
That we, too, hear those accents sweet,
"What hast thou here for them to eat?"
Gladly we answer to His call
"Dear Lord, there is enough for all."
Thus may our prayers, the tears we shed
For San Francisco's ashy bed
Refresh our land from shore to shore
And make it better than before.
Our Father knoweth while we plead
Of what His children most have need.



KANSAS DREAMS

Oh, beautiful Kansas, whose autumn days
Are a gleam with October's glow,
Whose hills are crowned with a purple haze
That kisses the vales below;
My thoughts fly away to the land of dreams,
To the days of long ago;
And, dreaming, I seem to understand
And can tell why I love you so.

Back through a vista of bygone years,
From under your sunny skies,
Beyond the reach of my memory
Come my mother's lullabies,
As she sits in her home on the banks of the Kaw
At the close of an autumn day,
Rocking her babe while she softly sings
Low snatches of "Nellie Gray."

Around her twilight shadows creep,
While in slumber the baby lies;
But the mother has no thought of sleep,
And lifting her trustful eyes
"Through difficulties," beyond "the stars"
Her whispered prayers arise,

That her slumbering babe may never know
The terrible blight of war;



That future joys may soon blot out
 Dark days that have gone before;
That God in His mercy will safely shield
 The absent one whom she knew
Must spend that night on the battlefield
 In his "Army Coat of Blue".

Oh, beautiful glimpse of the mother love
 That today I so plainly see;
It is hidden away in the vanished past
 And revealed in my dreams to me.

Soft, shadowy wings seem to carry me
 Through the still of that autumn night,
Till afar in the distance I dimly see
 The flicker of camp-fires bright.
Strange and wild is the thrilling scene
 As it bursts upon my view—
The camp-fires lit in the long ago
 By the then "Brave Boys in Blue".

And faintly borne through the starry night
 What falls on my listening ear?
I eagerly strain for a better sight.
 O, would that I were more near!
Is it the murmuring grasses low,
 Or the fitful night wind's moan?
Ah! 'tis "Never forget the Dear Ones
 That cluster 'round thy home".



They are singing of home, O, Kansas land!

They are here for their homes and thee;
Facing a battlefield they stand
For "Union and Liberty".

Tenderly treasure them on thy breast

Who fell in that cause so true;
Scatter bright flowers where they sweetly rest—
Our dear ones who wore the blue.
And whether with golden sunbeams fair,
Or the patter of raindrops wild,
Sing to them while they slumber there,
As a mother sings to her child.

And again sometimes in my dreams I see

Broad stretches of prairie grand,
Reaching away to the sunny skies;
Entrancing on every hand.
And, seeking wild flowers with the butterflies
Flits a joyous child, care-free;
While she sings from her soul with the happy birds,
"My Country 'Tis of Thee".

Fair Kansas! thy present is just as dear

As the past can ever be,
But beautiful dreams of the days that are gone
Will ever come back to me;
And whenever from out thy portals wide
My footsteps chance to roam



My heart will thrill with a sense of pride
At the measures of "Home Sweet Home".

And whether I dwell in my native clime,
Or over the distant sea,
I ever, as now, shall hold thee mine,
For I am a part of thee.



WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

The Christmas time has come again,
It comes but once a year,
And that is why to boys and girls
It is the time most dear.
It means just lots and lots of things
And though I'm small, you see,
I know it doesn't mean the same
To you, it does to me.

I've noticed when we children tell
Queer tales of old Saint Nick
That baby listens wonderingly
And leaves his playthings quick
To hear how the old fellow comes
A-dashing in his sleigh
Along the house-tops every one
In such a funny way.

And how through every chimney black,
So far, far down below,
He bravely bears his shining pack
To fill each stocking row.
Then baby clasps his little hands
And laughs and shouts with glee,
To him it means a fairy land
Of Christmas mystery.



When little sister gaily sings
 About the Christmas-tide,
Of lovely dolls old Santa brings
 And picture books beside,
And when she dreams of Christmas trees,
 Her stockings hanging near,
I know it means that Christmas day
 Is best of all the year.

To boys like me, that's older grown
 It means a great deal more,
There's knives and sleds and skates and things
 And story books galore,
And then in our dear Sunday School
 We learn another thing
About the Babe of Bethlehem—
 The birthday of our King.

But when we see our mother's smile
 Hear father's words of cheer
As they bid friends to 'bide awhile
 Within our gates each year
As Christmas time is drawing on
 The meaning's plainer then,
It speaks to them of "Peace on Earth"
 And of "Good will to men".



THE OLD WASH PLACE

(By Judd Mortimer Lewis, used by permission.)

She was such a little mother, so absurdly young,
that while
Tears are trembling on my lashes, at her memory
I smile,
At the very youngness of her; just a little girl she
seems,
Smiling at me from the distance, singing to me
in my dreams
Lullabies we all remember; but I mostly see her face
Smiling through the clouds of steam that almost
hide the old wash place.

Sometimes in my dreams, a dogwood blossom glim-
mers in her hair,
And I hear a redbird whistle, and the dream is
free from care—
Then a man comes in the picture, like a dream, and
goes away,
Waving to the little mother from the ranks of
men in gray;
And from then the dogwood blossoms never glimmer
any more,
And the redbird sings no longer 'round the wash
place as of yore.



Three of us—and just the little bit o' mother to the
brood

Singing while her heart was breaking in the
woodland solitude

With the homely tubs and kettle and the soap gourd
and the stick,

The old battling stick! The memory catches at my
throat so quick

That I scarce can choke the sob back at the picture
of the face

Smiling bravely from the distance through the
steam of the wash place.

Yes, I carried water for her while the baby went
to sleep

With the songs that sister sung her where the
wash lay in a heap,

And I sought dry sticks and piled them 'neath the
kettle—all my joy

In the dreams that come back to me is that I was
born a boy,

And could help the little mother and was glad to
help her, too,

In the tasks about the wash place where there
was so much to do.

Can wee babies understand it when a heart's about
to break?

We were babies, but we seemed to know, somehow,



for mother's sake
We must help to bear a burden which we could not
comprehend,
And our puny arms about her seemed to strength-
en her and lend
Her a strength no little bit of mother could have
got elsewhere
As she toiled about the wash place with her heart
bowed down with care.

Some days tasks seemed overdreary, and the hours
seemed overlong;
But she'd catch our eyes fixed on her and would
tremble into song,
But the world of heartbreak throbbing through the
counterfeited joy
Somehow would play on the heartstrings of the
little girl and boy
And the little baby sister, and we'd snuggle face to
face,
Heart to heart, her arms about us, kneeling at the
old wash place.

Then one morning came a message, came in with the
morning's gleam;
How it came is lost or hidden in the shadows of
the dream,
But with it, hope went out from her, and she seemed
to hark no more



For a voice across the distance, for a footstep at
the door;
And she kneeled there in the wash place, kneeled
with sister girl and me,
And I know now that that moment was her soul's
Gethsemane!

Then the washings came more often, there were
other heaps of clothes;
Day by day the clouds of sudsy steam from the
old kettle rose,
Day by day her love grew stronger; in the worry
and the smart
Of her heartache she would rush to and would
clasp us to her heart,
And she'd strive to coax her lips to curve into a
snatch of song—
But the wash place called and called her, and its
tasks were hard and long.

Not long since, I heard a woman say in sneering
tones and low,
“Huh! his mother did our washing, my own moth-
er told me so!”
Whiter than the dogwood blossom, sweeter than it
e'er could be—
Shown the truth of that vile whisper, for she did
it all for me,
And for sister girl and baby—Oh, the whisper—



it was base
But a soul was born to heaven from that lowly
old wash place.

Why, it doesn't seem that mother was quite grown
up when she died
Such a little bit o' mother! Oh, the years are long
and wide
Since she went away and left us, with the old smile
on her face,
Leaving us but just a memory of the homely old
wash place;
I know father beckoned to her; by the look that
overcast
Her sweet face; but we still miss her—shall as
long as life shall last.



REVERIE

(On reading "The Old Wash Place").

There are pictures drawn by artists, with the brush
and with the pen,
That have thrilled the very nations, and have stirred
the hearts of men.
But I think the sweetest pictures we have ever seen
or heard
Are the ones drawn by the heartstrings that are
painted word by word,
Such a picture lies before me, painted by a loyal son;
I can see it, Oh, so plainly, for so well it has been
done.

I can see the little mother, with the face so young
and fair,
With the smile so full of sunshine, dogwood blossoms
in her hair,
As she flits about the wash place, softly singing in
her joy
Lullabies that charm her hearers, babe and sister
girl and boy.
I can hear a redbird's whistle, even on the very day
When that last farewell waved fondly from the
ranks of men in gray.



I can see the little nestlings, that dear little brood
of three,
In the steam of the old wash place, watching mother
earnestly
While she toils with “tubs and kettle and the soap
gourd and the stick”,
In the meantime singing bravely, while her heart
grew faint and sick.
But those little bright-eyed darlings must not feel
the sting of war;
So she strove to carol gaily, just as she had done
of yore.

I can feel the solemn stillness that throughout the
morning lay,
When there came the cruel message, dashing all her
hopes away;
When the birds forgot to warble forth their wonted
melodies,
And the flowers shed the teardrops that had fallen
from the skies;
I can see her in the wash place, kneeling there among
the three,
For their sakes so bravely facing this, her soul’s
Gethsemane.

Oh, ye world of restless mothers, what can give you
sweeter bliss
Than to leave your sons and daughters memories



that equal this?
To what greater heights aspire you, little mothers
young and fair,
Than those reached while you are kneeling with
your little ones in prayer,
Than to be as this dear mother, worthy of a dia-
dem—
Ah, the one who scorned her efforts, may not touch
her garment's hem.

This old world is but a wash place, where we labor
day by day,
Where the Prince of Earth and Heaven came to wash
our sins away;
And the sweetness of His patience, and the young-
ness of His years,
Make our hearts to ache with pity, and our eyes
to fill with tears.
Oh, the joy that He is risen, and beyond the jasper
sea
'Mid the Father's many mansions, doth prepare for
such as she.

There when earthly tasks are ended, through His
mercy and His grace,
One by one His saints shall gather, from this steamy
old wash place.



CHRISTMAS TIDE

Turn ye away from your hearth fires bright,
Women and men of the world, tonight;
Cease for a moment, your jest and mirth,
Hark to the message of "Peace on Earth".

Join ye the shepherds who watch their sheep
Tending their fires lest they fall asleep;
Under the arch of the star-lit sky,
Hear ye, the "Glory to God on High".

Take just a glimpse of the heavenly throng
Joyously chanting the glad, new song.
Out of the midst of those realms of light,
Know that your Savior is born tonight.



TO A FRIEND

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

—Longfellow.

We weep with you in your dark despair,
Because of your fireside's vacant chair;
Because from your arms a dear form has slipped,
And into the grave, the wee feet have tripped;
But we know, in the City with streets of gold,
The sweet spirit is safe in the upper fold.

Beyond the shores of the Jasper Sea,
From sorrow and pain of earth set free,
A heavenly cherub with love-lit eyes,
Looks forth from the gateway of Paradise;
A heavenly cherub whose baby face
Is filled with the joy of that holy place.

Picture him there in that beautiful spot
'Mid banks of blooming forget-me-not,
By the sweet, clear river of life he stands,
And beckons to you with his baby hands,
From those gates of pearl and those streets of gold
Where your darling is safe in the upper fold.



JUNE

Oh what is more sweet than the month of June
When our senses thrill and our hearts keep tune
To the song of the birds and the rose in bloom?

Oh what is more joy than the early gray
Of the dewy morn and the sun's first ray
That herald the dawn of a perfect day?

Oh what is more fair as the sun climbs high
Than the azure hue of the summer sky
And the snow-white clouds drifting idly by?

Oh what is more pure than the summer air
That wafts from the woodlands and gardens fair
A fragrance and perfume so rich and rare?

Oh what is more dear than the twilight hour
When the daylight fades and each nodding flower
Is kissed by the moonbeams' mystic power?

O, Summer Queen! you are gone too soon
With your sunny days and your shining moon,
With your golden grain and your wealth of bloom.

And if we could hold in some magic way
To your trailing robes for a single day,
Dear month of June, we would bid you stay.



A GINGERBREAD STORY

I love to note a baby's way
The grace of childhood is so sweet.
I gave a tiny friend, one day,
A piece of gingerbread to eat,
And I, much pleasure gained the while
To see the happy little smile.
Then straightway I forgot the act
As usually I do, in fact.

A few days more, the same wee tot
Tapped softly at my kitchen door.
Some ripe tomatoes he had brought
As he had often done before.
I chatted as I took his pan
While through my brain the question ran,
If there was anything I had
With which to please the little lad.

I asked if he liked honey, sweet,
Knowing some children prize the treat.
"Not wery well," he shyly said,
Then boldly raised his little head,
While bravely forth his wee voice rings,
"But I like gingerbread and things."

Was ever baby tact more sweet?
Swiftly I ran with flying feet,



Almost afraid to lift the lid
For fear no gingerbread it hid.
That baby faith, I must not shake—
Oh! joy, there's one small piece of cake!



A KANSAS PRAYER

O, Lord of mercy, draw Thou near,
A suppliant nation's prayer to hear.
With troubled hearts we come to Thee
With visions dim that cannot see,
With lips that know not what to say;
Teach us, our Father, how to pray.

Dark clouds of war above us spread,
Dire symbols of distress and dread;
And stand we with reluctant feet
The awful sacrifice to meet.
Oh, fill us with a fire divine
And let our will submerge in Thine!

There comes to us across the sea,
Oppression's cry for liberty.
Help us no longer to withhold
Naught we can give of script or gold.
Help us to send our armies strong—
Let Freedom be their battle song.
Our sons, dear Lord, our hearts grow cold
More precious far than all our gold,
Grant these we give with love and trust
Shall triumph in a cause so just.
Gird with Thine armor, every one,
O, Thou who gave Thine only Son!



All through the thickest of the fight,
All through the long hours of the night,
May we, O Lord, Thy watchtowers keep,
Nor for one moment fall asleep,
Till breaks the dawn when strife shall cease—
The dawn of universal peace.



OUR HEROES

(1917-1918)

The year is passed, the guns are stilled
The year of grief and pain.
The lads we gave to Liberty
Are coming home again.
With throbbing hearts that seem to quell
The mighty cannon's roar,
We wait for footsteps loved so well,
To greet them at the door.
With tears of joy we lift the latch
Once more to clasp our own.
Praise God, who kept our lads for us
And brought them safely home.

But some come not; in foreign fields
They fell 'mid poppies red,
Or in the camp or 'neath the wave;
They tell us they are dead.
Believe it not. They did not die—
Our lads who gave their all,
For there were "Everlasting Arms"
To save them from the fall,
While holy angels softly swept
Across the land and sea
And gently bore their spirits home
To live eternally.



TWO MOTHERS

A mother smiled as she waved goodbye
And tried to stifle the pain
As she thought of the many weary days
Ere they should come back again.
She knew that her heart did not bid them stay
For proud and happy was she,
That each had eagerly entered the fray
In the struggle for liberty.

She prayed as they passed from her misty sight,
“Dear Father, protect from harm
Our sailor boys in the cause for right,
By the strength of Thy mighty arm;
And when their ship shall be tempest tossed
And the rolling waves leap high,
As they bear supplies to yon fighting host,
May they know that Thou art nigh.

“Draw near at the beautiful sunset hour
When the calm waves ripple green,
To strip that hand of its deadly power
That aims from the submarine.
Be Thou their guide while they prove their worth;
Oh, sweet is the thought to me,
That when our Savior walked on this earth,
He likewise walked on the sea.”



Wild and rocky the pathway was
American mothers trod
As they daily strove to help the cause
By keeping it close to God;
And when the victorious message came
From the stricken fields of war
Their praise upwafted with one acclaim
Resounded from shore to shore.

“Praise God,” they sang, “for our stalwart sons,
Give praise for our native land,
For the blessings of liberty and love—
The emblems for which we stand.”
And the sailors’ mother, with happy tears
Greeted each returning son
For well she knew that the coming years
Would revere their work, well done.

As they bent to kiss her upturned face
Their hearts seemed to understand,
And they told her tales of from place to place
They had touched in a foreign land,
With seldom a word of sickness or pain
Or the hardships of war, now done;
Of the long hours spent in the pouring rain
On watch or behind the gun.

But often she questioned from day to day
And carefully gleaned the rest,



And that was the part which she hid away
In the depths of her loving breast,
Once when she asked of the ocean storm
Of how terrible it might be,
They spoke of a sailor who came to harm
Of a comrade lost at sea.

How his fragile form had been snatched away
On the crest of a mighty wave,
Beyond the reach of their wind-tossed craft
Or their human power to save.
And the mother's heart gave a throb of pain,
Of pity and sympathy
For the lad, and that other she did not know,
His mother—oh, where was she?

Did she plead in vain in an earthly home
Bowed low on her bended knee,
“O, Father, send aid through the ocean's foam
To rescue my boy for me?”
Or did she reach forth from the heavenly gate
From those realms of endless day,
And whisper, “Dear Lord, 'tis so long to wait;
Bear him safely home, I pray?”

God only knows, for we cannot tell,
Just plead as to us seems best
To a loving Father, who doeth well,
And trust unto Him, the rest;
For He that heareth the orphan's cry



And noteth the sparrow's fall,
Will not the mothers of men pass by,
But tenderly care for all.



CHRISTMAS CAROL

Long ago the holy angels
Sang from the skies of glory bright,
O'er the drowsy shepherds watching
By their silent flocks at night,
And their song was "Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Peace and good will to His children,"
Rang the chorus from the sky.

And an angel told the story,
"Joyful tidings do we bring
God has sent to earth from heaven,
Christ, your Savior, and your King.
Go and seek in yonder village,
Hasten and be not afraid,
He is born among the lowly
And is in a manger laid."

Ages pass, but not the story
By the shining angel told,
'Tis man's greatest gift and blessing
And it never shall grow old,
And the children love to hear it
Best of all at Christmastide,
The sweet story of the Christ child,
Whose dear name was glorified.



And within the many churches
That are builded in His name,
With glad gifts to one another
Do we honor Him again
While thousands of children's voices
Sing His glory and His love
As the holy angels sang it
From the shining skies above.

'Tis by far the sweetest music
Mortal ears have heard since then,
Happy childish voices chanting
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
O'er the earth resounds the anthem
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace and good will to His children"
Rings the echo from the sky.



KANSAS


Do you know where the sun shines brightest
Out in the golden west;
Do you know where the snow falls whitest
The land that I love the best;
Do you know where the skies are bluest
Bending above the plain;
Do you know where the hearts are truest
Bidding you come again?

Do you know where the flowers are fairest
Crimson, purple and gold;
Do you know where the fruits are rarest
Bestowing a wealth untold;
Do you know where the birds sing sweetest
Ever along the way,
Bespeaking a joy the completest
Caroling all the day?

Do you know where the waving sunflower
Nods to the passer by;
Do you know where the prairie sunset
Flames over earth and sky;
Do you know—but ah, you have guessed it
And do not need to be told;
'Tis Kansas! your eyes have expressed it,
The land that will never grow old.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

Preservation Technologies

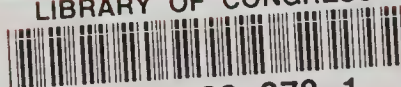
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